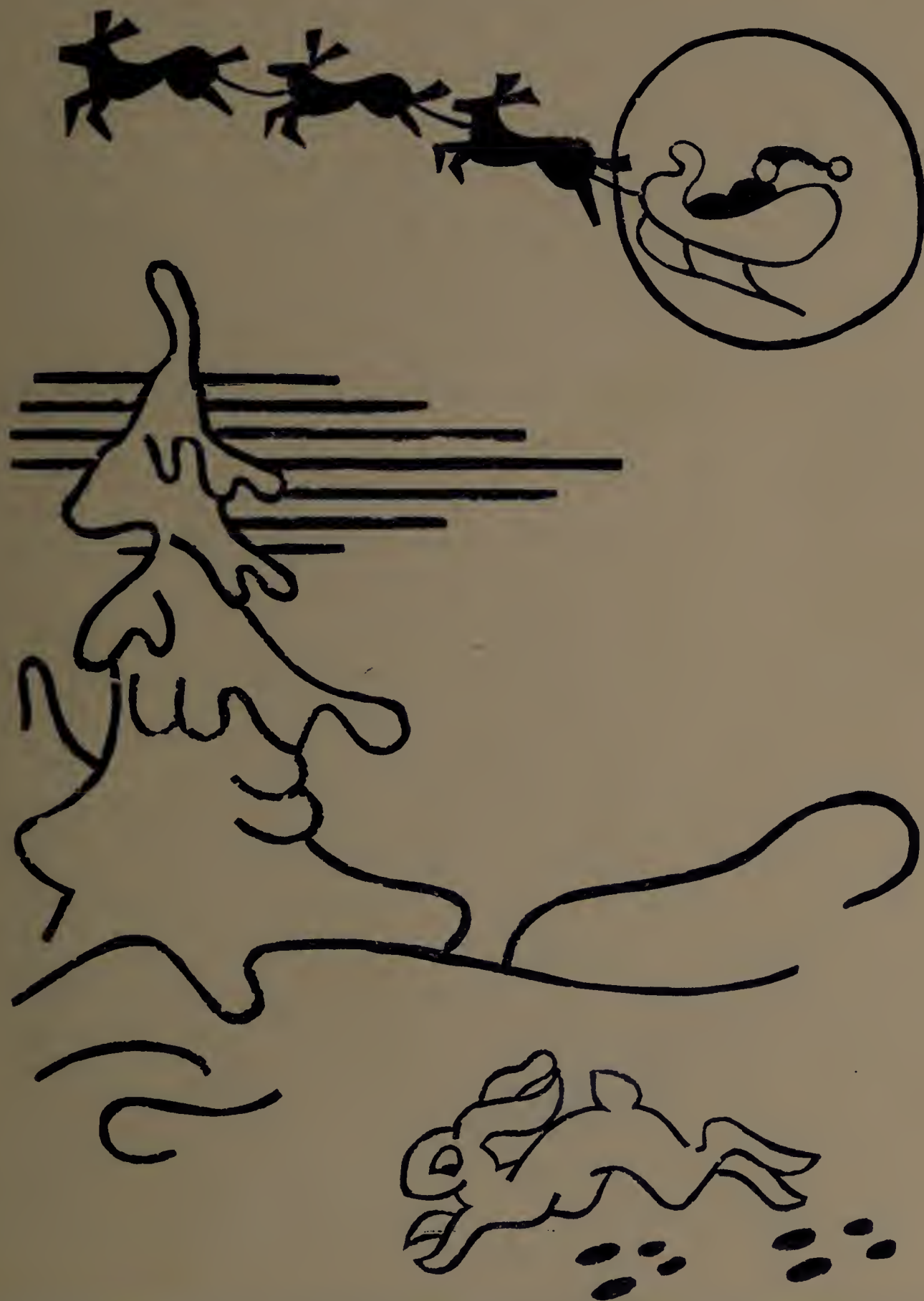


THE Johnson Journal



December, 1947

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL

WHAT TYPE OF MAN IS MOST NEEDED TODAY?

One of the leaders and founders of our country, George Washington, was certainly a type of man badly needed in World Affairs today.

He was steadfast and didn't give up easily. This part of his character was brought out at Valley Forge, when without food, money and clothing for his men he kept them together.

He held the valuable trait of good old Yankee ingenuity. He exemplified this at Trenton by storming the town Christmas morning, taking the English garrison completely by surprise. It should be remembered that during a war one must always be on the alert.

This man was a schemer and could easily outwit any of the generals of his day. At Princeton he eluded the regiment, but turned around later and defeated three regiments, sending the rest into panic.

His quick eye resulted in his capturing 7,250 regulars, 850 sailors, 244 cannon, and military supplies at Yorktown. He noticed a chance to catch Cornwallis between his forces and the French Fleet. This resulted in a great victory for the Americans.

He was so forceful and capable that when his men threatened

mutiny at Newburgh he talked them out of it by a long speech. During his stay at Newburgh it was suggested that he become a dictator, as he controlled the army. By not taking advantage of his chance he showed he was a true American. He was steadfast and not easily confused, although he had the ability to change other people's views.

Truly such men are greatly needed today. Many of our government office holders deal in crime and would jump at the chance to become a dictator. If there had been more men like him, we would have gained a lasting peace much sooner. As things look now, peace is many years off. But since we haven't any such men in government today, we, the people, must cooperate with our officials and elect better ones next time. And lastly we must try to settle any present and future difficulties without a third or fourth world war.

Richard Fleming, '49.

THE DANGERS OF WINTER

With the approach of winter it would be well for everyone to remember the dangers that come with winter. We should caution our children about the serious accidents which occur each year.

Skating on various lakes, swamps and mill ponds which have not

been approved by local safety officials is extremely dangerous. Homemade skating rinks and those made by your fire department on different fields or playgrounds, are a sure security of safety. There are certain hills in each vicinity which are blocked off from traffic by the town, for the safety of the children while sliding. If we desire to go sliding, we should use these hills which are provided for us. In this way we could make winter a more pleasant season to look forward to.

The citizens can also provide safety for themselves by not driving too fast on icy roads, and by sanding their front and back walks when snow and ice appear. A little extra caution before-hand this winter will save many broken bones, or more serious injury later.

R. A. DeAdder, '49.

MANNERS

If you look around our school, you will see many examples of bad manners. Why do we have these discourteous exhibitions? Either a pupil has never learned good manners, or he does not wish to practice those that he has learned.

The former is very improbable, for not only does a pupil come in contact with courteous classmates, dignified teachers and helpful parents; but also books and magazines show him how to be polite.

The latter is very often practiced because of a show of bravado which every adolescent at one time or another wants to put on. He does not realize that his attempts at being recognized in this way always leave unfavorable impressions on his teachers, his classmates, his future employers, and strangers.

A pupil who gets up in the middle of a class and noisily begins to sharpen his pencil, or who persists in talking while the teacher

is speaking, does not arouse admiration from anyone.

A pupil with loud and raucous talk, especially a young lady, only gives her teachers further reasons for disliking and being unfriendly toward her.

A pupil who knocks everyone aside when he struts by, and who destroys personal property will not have any friends very long.

Notice the friendly and interested smile of a teacher who receives a courteous act from you. Notice the contemptuous look on a pupil's face who regards you doing some inconsiderate act. Is it more important to you to hear the silly giggles of those few who are amused for an instant by your foolish prank, or to have the long-standing admiration of all the others and the deep satisfaction in your heart that you have been as kind and considerate as you would like to be considered?

Louise R. Consoli, '48.

HOW TO BE A FINE AMERICAN

There are many ways in which I keep myself well informed on the questions of the day. For this study I prefer reading magazines, the daily newspaper, and any books that may be published on any such questions. I listen attentively to the discussions in both my American History and Modern History classes, and engage in conversation someone who is well informed on such questions.

I subscribe to "Life," "The World's Work," and several other magazines. From these I get a great deal of valuable information. Such topics as "The Big Four," and "The League of Nations," I find not only interesting, but also instructive.

I read two and sometimes three daily newspapers and two on Sun-

day. By doing this I can follow from day to day the developments on such questions as Palestine, Russia and our own country. From some of the latest books, I also obtain useful information.

Do you do these things? It is the opinion of this writer that almost everyone who is an American should follow this practice. After all, we live in America and should be interested in events which might help or possibly harm us in the future. You can use your

knowledge to teach others, to help in the club you might belong to, to increase your own knowledge and last but not most important, show you are a patriotic American. We do many things which we consider patriotic, but most of us don't even know what day the Second World War ended. Are you patriotic? Don't say I haven't got time; make time. To me anyone who doesn't know his history isn't a true American.

John Pearson, '49.



LITERARY

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The shivering boy dropped his bundle of newspapers and pulled his ragged coat closer as the cold December wind whipped around the corner. Standing on tiptoes, he regarded wistfully, through the frosty window pane, the merry family gathered around the gaily decorated Christmas Tree.

He gazed longingly at the piles of gifts heaped about the tree, and wished desperately that Christmas could be like this for his small sister, lying home in bed, day after day, so patiently and uncomplainingly. He thought again of his mother doing other people's washing that her family might eat. Someday, he silently resolved, he would see that they had a Christmas like this, overflowing with presents. Then as the sweet chimes of the Christmas Bells echoed through the still night air, he remembered that it was not the gifts, but the spirit that made Christmas, so picking up his papers he went on his way

whistling, determined that this Christmas should be a merry one in spirit despite the lack of presents.

Jacqueline Meserve, '49.

WINTER

Soft, feathery snowflakes sailed dreamily to the already glistening carpet of snow which covered the whole countryside like an ermine blanket.

The bleak, whistling wind joyously bit the tiny, rosy noses of the plump, pink-cheeked children sliding on a near-by, snow-frosted embankment. Their sharp voices cut the cold air like a flashing blade; while pink-eared mothers, and whistling fathers, toiled laboriously to demolish the steep snow-walls which encircled their doorways.

It is a favorite pastime of mine to watch the many different types of people in the cold, outside air, struggling frantically against the strong, gusty wind.

Thin, blue-faced folk sail gently along with the forceful wind:

while heavier, red-faced men and women have to struggle endlessly in order to reach their destinations over the great, filmy carpet of snow, laid down so expertly by jolly, old King Winter.

Ruth Sanford, '50.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER

I was busily doing my housework when a knock on the door reached my ears. I didn't want to answer at first because I'm not usually looking my best with a sloppy-joe sweater, pedal pushers, and a kerchief around my head. I opened the door and two young gentlemen asked for the lady of the house. At the time my mother was not home, so I invited them in. They explained that they were selling subscriptions to magazines to raise money so they and others like them could take flying lessons. They talked on and on, but I wasn't interested in what was being said. They explained that if at any time they became famous pilots, I could proudly say I knew them. And who knows, I might even have a chance to ride in a plane piloted by one of them. Not even meditating about the prices, I quickly agreed to take two magazines. One made out the receipt and handed it to me. The amount was fourteen dollars. It left me so dumbfounded I couldn't speak. Where was I to get that amount in a hurry?

"Of course," he explained, "you don't have to give the whole amount now, but you may give half now and send the rest by money order or check to the company."

Then I suddenly thought of the ten dollars I had saved. But I just couldn't take that after having waited and saved so long. I had no alternative, though, so I took seven

dollars and unhappily gave it to them. After they left, I stood with the receipt in one hand and the broom in the other, and thought of what a nice dress I could have bought.

A few days later I withdrew seven dollars from the bank and sent it. When my magazines arrived I was greatly disappointed. One was no more than a few pages of newspaper, and the other a very small magazine of approximately thirty pages.

From now on when any salesman comes to my door I will politely give him the brush-off and mind my own business.

Mary Ranfone, '49.

THE ANCIENT MOUNTAINEER

As the old fellow stood erect in the mouth of the cave, he looked like a marble statue of honor in the doorway of the hall of fame. He was an elongated, well built man, with weather beaten and wrinkled skin of dark sun-kissed brown. The one tell-tale feature of his age was the shiny, mirror-like, vacant spot on the top of his head. His eyebrows were thick and bushy serving as sunshades for his ageing eyes. His high cheek bones, hooked nose, and lengthy mouth showed more honesty than beauty.

The wind seemed to tease him as it blew his long white whiskers into his face.

His clothes were crude but serviceable. The sun faded plaid shirt he was wearing, covered by a sheep skin sleeveless jacket gave him the air of a cowboy. His blue and white patched overalls had seen much service and better days.

Despite his rather crude wearing apparel, he was proud of the great life he had led and grateful he hadn't exchanged it for any other.

Joan Conners, '49.

CONTRAST

Apagia High School in Connecticut isn't much different from the ordinary school in a town of about 1400. It's a pretty, brick building, half covered with ivy, and set back from the road on a grassy lawn. It's co-ed, of course, and just now about six hundred students are jamming its doors in the mad scramble to get out as soon as possible. Groups rush off and a few kids are left lingering about its doorway. Two of them, in particular, look very interesting. They're Jean Barnard and Lyn Baker. There's such a contrast in their appearance that you immediately recall the old saying, "Opposites attract." Jean is the southern belle type. She has blonde hair and big, blue eyes. Her creamy skin is made to look even better by the skillful use of make-up. She's fragile and tiny, and just the type every man feels he has to take care of. Lyn is rather tall and very boyish. She's dressed, as usual, in a plain, tailored suit. She has almost straight, brown hair (takes too long to put it up) and frank green eyes. The dash of lipstick is the only artificial thing about her.

Jean, with her blue eyes sparkling is saying to Lyn, "Can you imagine it! Me, actually me! I was so completely thrilled that I almost died. Of course, I answered yes just as soon as I could open my mouth."

Lyn, with her usual good nature, replied, "Well, Jean, you're so pretty that he'd just have to be crazy about you. I don't blame you for being so excited, though. He's so smooth and such a good dresser, and the green convertible certainly does help."

"But Lyn," Jean said, "have you forgotten? I'm going to lead the Grand March with Tim, and every

other girl will be practically green with envy. And my gown, Lyn! You know that one in the Brentwood Shop that we loved so much, even if it did have that terrific price tag? Well, Mother finally agreed that that wouldn't be too much to pay. And Dad! He promised to buy me a new evening jacket, bag, and shoes. All my worries are over, now, but it took a pretty long time to wear them down."

"That's all swell, Jean, but don't you think we'd better start for the auditorium? You know that decoration committee meeting is going to start in a few minutes."

"Lyn," replied Jean, "you didn't let them rope you in for that, did you? Why, I just told them that I was entirely too busy and that I couldn't possibly help them. After all, who do they think I am? I'm not going up there every afternoon and work."

"But Jean, you're going to the prom and you should help out and try to make it a success. I'm perfectly willing to give up my time and I'm not even going. As you know, I haven't been invited."

"Well, Lyn, that just shows what a fool you are. You know that you'll never get invited that way. All the decent boys have either track or baseball practice to attend and only the queer characters go to those meetings. Well, I can't argue with you now. I have to hurry and put my hair up. Tim's coming down early tonight and I want to look my best. See you tomorrow."

Justine Fitzgerald, '49.

EXCITEMENT

There is nothing that can compare with the color and excitement of a horserace, as the horses near the finish line. As the group of horses roar around the last turn

closely bunched, everyone in the stands leaps to his feet to shout words of encouragement. The horses are still closely bunched as they thunder down the home-stretch, and the skillful jockeys, dressed in their bright satin uniforms, can be seen raised slightly in the saddle, their heads resting on the side of the horses' necks urging the horses to gain on the leader or lengthen their lead. The high stepping horses present quite a sight as they near the finish line. The crowd is now shouting madly to their favorites to win the race. After what seems like hours, the horses fly across the finish line. The lucky winners cheer happily, as the losers slump into their seats in disgust.

William Connell, '49.

A STOREKEEPER

As I entered the musty, dim old store, it smelled of a mortuary and reminded me of carnations at one's funeral. It was a regular old junk shop, full of everything from doughnuts to bobbypins.

Stepping into the little ray of light protruding from a crack under the mothly screen door, a little old man, as musty as his little old store, came into view. He was dressed in a spotted old white apron which gave one the impression he might possibly be a relative of the leopard. His faded blue shirt and rather baggy brown denim pants gave the appearance of a not too prosperous business in past years.

His scraggly hair was thin in spots and dropped over his sharp, low cut forehead. He had thick bushy eyebrows, that swept ferociously across his Roman nose. His mouth was completely undermined beneath the grey mustache, which had grown like a patch of unfertilized grass and had gone callow

yellow from the hot rays of the sun.

He was just a musty old storekeeper in his musty old store; but he was as proud of it as a bear is of her cub. He wasn't as prosperous as he had once dreamed he'd be, but somehow the two went together, store and man, as apple pie goes with ice cream.

Betty Choquette, '49.

CAT TAILS

I would like you to imagine with me that we set time back three thousand years, to the time when gods and goddesses ruled the kingdoms of the earth. In the vast land of the world, there was a place called Purr, where lived all the cats of heaven and earth.

Purr was a quiet, happy little town, where most of the cats who lived there owned their own chairs and cow. Every cat helped to build the mud-splattered cobble-stone streets and the houses in which they lived, in queer forms of rocking chairs, arm chairs and lounges. These cats were also very human, for they worshipped one god called Meow.

Meow was a strong and powerful god, whom every cat in Purr looked up to and obeyed. It so happened that through this town ran a river, and on the other side lived a town of rats and Scar, the god of rats and the enemy of all the cats. Scar was a mean and ugly rat who hated Meow and the cats because they lived such a luxurious life, while they, because of such quick multiplication, were a very poverty stricken nation.

Because of lack of food and shelter, the rats decided to wage a war on the cats and win by force in battle some of the luxuries from cats. Somehow the cats found out that the rats were going to attack them and prepared for battle. The

cats had a deadly weapon called Claws, which they attached to their four feet; and which were dreaded by all rats. Finally the time came. It was night in pitch darkness when the rats swam across the river and attacked the cats. That night a furious battle was fought and much blood was shed on both sides, but in the morning the cats were the victors for two reasons. First, they could see in the dark and the rats couldn't; second, the cats placed large traps behind the line of battle and when retreating led the rats into the traps.

Now Meow was so pleased with the success of his cats that he decided to remind the world of their intelligence, so, he buried the rats and left only their tails sticking out of the ground. Then he placed upon these all the tails of his dead warriors and gave them the power to grow. Here they grew and are still growing today in the form that we know as "cat-o'-nine tails."

Robert Dufresne, '50.

HOW HARRY THE CAT BRECHEEN GOT HIS NAME

My name is Harry, I am a grey cat who always gets into trouble. I'll tell you my story about how I made a young man famous.

I was walking along the street one day when I spotted a fishman pushing his wagon. I was very hungry, so I crept up to his wagon and snatched a fish. Then I ran as fast as I could.

I heard the man yell, "I'll catch you or my name isn't Eddie Dyer."

I ran and ran, but I could still hear him coming after me. Suddenly out of nowhere appeared a

man. He picked up a stone and threw it at me. It was way off to the side when suddenly it curved in and hit me in the head. I fell to the ground in a heap.

Though I was half-unconscious, I could hear words of praise. This guy Eddie Dyer was telling the young man that he was also a scout for the St. Louis Cardinals. The young man joined the Cardinals as a pitcher.

Later, for this discovery, Eddie Dyer was made manager of the St. Louis baseball club.

From that day on the young man has been called, "Harry The Cat Brecheen."

What about me? Oh, I'm the St. Louis Cardinal's mascot.

Donald Smith, '50.

A BACK YARD SCENE

Last summer while I was visiting my aunt and uncle in Brockton, my aunt took me into her backyard to show me how they had fixed it to be attractive and useful.

From the pointed steps we went into the garden. Directly in front of me were two comfortable lawn chairs and a newly painted garden bench. To the right was a smooth well-clipped hedge, and to my left, a row of small, neat evergreens. Behind this, a gray stone fireplace and table promised future picnic suppers. My uncle had painted two of his decoy ducks a gleaming white, with bright yellow bills, and black gleaming eyes. To complete this pleasant spot, my aunt's flower garden shone like a jewel with rows of flowers of every hue and description blending together. I thought this garden was a pleasant spot which I had not expected to find in the center of a large city.

Constance Chadwick, '49.

WINTER

Summer fun is over
 Fall's work is done,
 The snow is hiding the clover
 The clouds are hiding the sun.

For now it's the winter season
 When the cold winds should
 blow,
 And I shall tell you the reason
 For drifting high is the snow.

The birds have gone to the South,
 It's a warmer country there,
 They have gone to live through
 the winter,
 Out of the cold winds' blare.

It's winter now:
 It's winter now:
 It's time for sleds to go,
 It's time for skates to be fastened
 on,
 It's time for ice and snow.

DOORBELLS

You never know with a doorbell
 Who may be ringing it—
 It may be Great Aunt Cynthia
 To spend the day and knit,
 It may be a peddler with things to
 sell
 (I'll buy some when I'm older),
 Or the grocer's boy with his apron
 on
 And a basket on his shoulder,
 It may be the old umbrella-man
 Giving his queer, cracked call,
 Or a lady dressed in rusty silk,
 With card-case and parasol.
 Doorbells are like a magic game,
 Or the grab-bag at a fair—
 You never know when you hear
 one ring
 Who may be waiting there!

Rae Long, '50.

THE FIRST SNOW STORM

Autumn's beauty now has fled,
 The harvest fields forsaken;
 The woodlands grey, so bleak and
 bare,
 Her trees of leaves now shaken.

Gray clouds are heavy with new
 snow,
 Ghostly silence fills the air;
 The earth lies waiting for her
 cloak,
 Now to hide her deep despair.

A snowflake gently tumbles down,
 More follow brought by north
 winds;
 On roof, on spire, on tree, on
 ground,
 As nature's winter coat begins.

Constance Chadwick, '49.

DECEMBER SONG

I heard the North Wind blow last
 night
 While I was snug in bed.
 It sang a December song,
 And this is what it said:

"I'll blow, I'll blow. I'll bring you
 snow.
 I'll make a slippery slide
 Out on the hill beneath your house
 So you can take a ride.

"Just put your cozy snow suit on
 And then bring out your sled.
 I'll make a slippery slide for you
 While you are snug in bed."

Charlotte Adler, '51.

CROSSED EYES

Two little eyes sat side by side
 Looking down at a nose quite
 wide
 One was brown, the other one,
 blue
 To them the nose seemed just
 like two.

Grace I. Lambert, '48.

TEEN AGE TEMPEST

Though older folks may come
along upon the car or bus
We much prefer to think it's run
especially for us.

Each Friday night is movie night—
that's where we always go,
To laugh and talk and wave to
friends and maybe watch the
show.

We loudly scream to cheer our
team and, as they start to play
Each girl's a grandstand quarter-
back who thinks she's in the
fray.

My family seems unreasonable,
they will not understand
The louder that the music plays
the better is the band.

"All little girls adore this." the
salesgirl talks away
Till suddenly I'm grownup just
when it's time to pay.

They've argued now for ages —
I've tried to intervene
Yet though I know the subject,
I'm just a "saucy teen."

Marilyn Caliri, '50.

JUST TO BE ALIVE

I gaze at the sights there are to see,
that mold this town of ours;
With mills and factories all about,
and churches with tapering
towers.

The houses that line the long
broad streets, so attractively
painted and kept;

And the people living within these
walls, on them the town's pro-
gress is set.

Children running to-and-fro, keep-
ing our spirit alive;

With such beauty and culture as
this, any one town could sur-
vive.

The way we work, the way we
play, the way we share our fun;
Should be all for good, and none
for bad to get the best work
done.

So, whenever troubles pursue you,
never stop and frown;

Just make that mold bigger, and
do something for your town;

Then, just sometime you stop and
think of the many things you
can do;

And I am sure you will be glad
that God created you.

Bertha Curry, '50.

REMEDIES

When you turn on the radio,
And sit in your dark living room,
And turn the lights down low
Awaiting Frankie's croons.

A solemn voice comes floating
Not Frankie's but a man who asks:
"Do your feet bother you?"

You sit and wait for Ellery Queen
And his great mystery exploits,
But when you guess the murderer,
and
Wait for Ellery's choice,

Not Ellery's but a voice replies
For all the world to hear:
"Do you see spots before your
eyes?"

Use Caroline's—the plaster cheers."

And all day long you wait and wait
For music, stories, or the like
And all you get are various cures
From that responsive "mike."

Use tablets, plasters, pills and
balms,
For head and feet and eyes and
arms

Then don't forget the pills from
Doane's
For sluggish liver and weary bones.

Louise R. Consoli, '48.

CHRISTMAS EVE SLEIGHRIDE

Sleighbells in the lane are ringing
Softly through the wintry night,
And in their hearts each one is
singing
As the horses take to flight.

Over the snow with Christmas bal-
lads
Ringing in their ears,
Thinking of turkeys, stuffing,
salads,
Thinking of joys of other years.

Purest diamonds sparkle brightly
On the moon-lit, new-fallen snow,
Here the sleighbells tinkle lightly
Ringing sweetly as they go.

Faster, faster, ever faster
Under trees that dip and bow,
And the spirit of the Master
Hovering over us, even, now.

As we watch the stars so bright,
We think of Him up there,
And we glide into the night
With a little word of prayer.

Edith Massey, '50.

**RECORD****THREE CHEERS**

Most of us are acquainted with the booklet "Know Your School" published by the Guidance Department last year. This series of short articles including advice on corridor regulations, class room conduct and study room regulations, library rules, a description of the various clubs and activities of the school and even floor diagrams has been an immense help to the incoming freshmen and incidentally, to some upperclassmen who have read it.

We owe the success of this booklet to the combined efforts of Nancy Connell, Louise Consoli, Cornelis Heijn, Miss Gillen and 1947 seniors, namely Rita Farrell, Donald James, Vincent Lambert, Harold Vincent and the girls in the senior typewriting class. Let's give them all a round of applause.

Nancy Ballantyne, '48.

FOOTBALL

Johnson opened its season very nicely by defeating Tewksbury 13-12. Joe Guthrie and William Driscoll scored the touchdowns.

Johnson suffered its first defeat in the hands of Danvers the following week, 7-6. Joe Guthrie scored the touchdown.

Johnson got back in the win column the next week by downing Chelmsford 19-6. The boys came from behind in the second period to win.

Columbus Day was a happy day for our boys when they defeated Methuen High by a score of 21-13.

The next game was played with Northbridge High and it resulted in a tie 13-13. This was the former high school of Jack Kooistra and he showed them they couldn't beat his team.

Johnson was host to Athol at their next game and came out the winner 14-0. Cyr scored all the points.

The following week we traveled to Ipswich and suffered our second defeat of the year 13-0.

Johnson came back strong in the second period to defeat Howe by a score of 20-19. Joe Guthrie scored two touchdowns and Cyr scored one. Cyr also kicked the extra points.

Johnson came from behind in the second period of an exciting home game to win a game played against a powerful Billerica team. The determination and aggressiveness of the Johnson players prevailed throughout, for they won, 20-19.

After taking an early lead in the first of the game, Johnson went on to win against their rival, Punchard High. Cyr was the outstanding player on the offense, but the whole team played equally well on defense. The final score was: Johnson 21, Punchard 12.

The lineup is as follows:

RE—Brown

RT—Kooistra

RG—Weigel

C—Tamagnine

LG—William Driscoll

LT—Wilkinson

LE—Ness or Winning

QB—Farrow

RHB—J. Kennedy or J. Driscoll

LHB—J. Guthrie

FB—Cyr

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball, that game that can wear out more girls in a shorter time than any other game I've ever heard of, will soon start officially. Practice began early in November with a surprisingly large attendance. Along with such old-timers as Jess and Lucy Guccardi, Elaine Champion, Joan Connors and Marge Schofield came many freshmen including Marjorie Terret, Ellen Driscoll and Jane Broderick. Due to injuries received in the

first game last season, Anne Whipple will be unable to play this season, but she will take over the job of manager.

The team expects to play a number of pre-season games to get in practice. The opponents will probably include the Alumni, the Andover Guild, and Merrimack High, (coached by a former Johnsonite, Isabel Phelan, who had an undefeated season last year.)

Johnson will remain in the Lowell Suburban League, playing Howe, Chelmsford, Tewksbury, Burlington and Dracut. The first game will probably be played around January 5. There will be five home games and five games played away. So, come out and cheer the team!

Justine Fitzgerald, '49.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Your Student Council this past term has been quite a busy organization. At the first meeting we elected our officers: Peter White, President; Joe Guthrie, Vice-President; and Elaine Champion, Secretary-Treasurer. Other members are Grace Stewart, James Greene, Gustave Weigel, Raymond Canty, Ruth Sanford, Clarence Scheipers, Daniel Long, Jean Mahoney, Mary Ranfone, John Arlit, Justine Cyr, Rae Long, Mary Boyle, David Rand, Joan Connors, Fred Soucy, Robert Hay, Anthony Galvagna, Marjorie Schofield, Frank Lee, Jane Broderick, Nancy Connell, Jack Kasheta, Dorothy Alvino, Ellen Driscoll.

We then took up two projects which we hope will make this year a little more enjoyable. First on the agenda was to give you recess dancing. We got permission from our friend and principal.

The Council bought ten brand new records for a start. We appointed Gus Weigel and Joe Guthrie as "policemen" for the

dancing and we were ready to begin. At first, as you know, it went slowly but gradually the difficulties worked themselves out and the dancing went along smoothly. I must compliment the students, especially the seniors, for cooperating with us so well. Keep it up kids.

Next we appointed a social committee, made up of Jean Mahoney, Peter White, Dot Alvino, Joan Connors, and Scheipers to make up a social calendar for the coming year. The social events are as follows:

Freshman-Senior Dance—Nov. 6

Football Dance—Nov. 21

Sophomore-Junior Dance—
Dec. 12

Journal Dance—Jan. 16.

Prom Benefit Dance—Feb. 13

Girls' Basketball Dance—Mar. 12

Variety Dance—April 2

School Play—April 22-23

Student Council Dance—May 14

Junior-Senior Prom—June 4

These are your social events and are for your enjoyment. You can make them a hit or a flop. It is up to you whether or not this year will be the best Johnson High ever had. Your school is one of the most important institutions in your life, so let's all pitch in to make it a success.

Joseph Guthrie, '48.

WELCOME STRANGER

Well, maybe we shouldn't call him a stranger, since he did attend this school a few months during his freshman year. For the past few years he has attended St. Mary's High in Waltham, Mass. He is a member of the Debating Club and from what I hear, will make a good debater. His name—George Clasby, of course.

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

The president of the Freshman Class this year is Anthony Galvagna. A good student and very much interested in baseball and football, Anthony is everybody's friend.

Petite Vice-President Jane Broderick is a popular girl interested in basketball and other sports.

The Secretary-Treasurer, Ellen Driscoll, is a lively girl who is always full of fun. She is interested in sports too, especially basketball.

Marjorie Terret, '51.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President, Peter White. Pete has been the president of our class for four years and is the chairman of the Student Council this year.

Vice-President, Joseph Guthrie. Here is one of our most popular boys. Joe is a whiz on the football field, as you know if you attend the games. He has a finger in all the pies in school. One of his favorite pastimes is dancing.

Secretary-Treasurer, Nancy Connell. Brown hair, turned up nose and a winsome smile are a few of Nancy's attributes. She is a good student and is very active in all school functions.

Marie Broderick, 48

A NEW JUNIOR STUDENT

Lawrence High has just presented us with a new pupil, Dorothy Conte. She is of medium height and has dark hair and eyes. She enjoys football, ice skating and dancing more than any other sports. Her opinion of Johnson is:

"Johnson is better than Lawrence because Johnson has more forms of recreation and they are carried out better."

Her opinion of our football team is:

"It is much better than Lawrence's. I hope it is always as good as this year's."

Kay O'Keefe, '49.

FRESHMAN DANCING

Freshman dancing is now being conducted in the gym every Monday and Thursday by Miss Fitzgerald. In this way freshmen who have not yet learned how to dance will be taught to do so, in order that they may be able to participate in school dancing.

Marjorie Terret, '51.

CHEMISTRY ASSEMBLY

On October 9 Mrs. Aretta Watts came to our school to talk on the various achievements of the chemist.

Mrs. Watts, who graduated from Columbia University, and studied at the University of California and the University of Missouri, has traveled extensively throughout Europe. She has been employed by the Public Relations Department of DuPont for many years, and is being sponsored by that company to give lectures to groups of interested students.

With her Mrs. Watts carried many samples representing some of the hundreds of products now produced by the chemists of this country, consisting mostly of the modern plastics.

She explained how some of these articles came into being with amusing stories, and aroused laughs with her long chemical names for the substances.

Her talk was enjoyed by everyone, but we all regretted it had to end so quickly.

Richard Jordan, '48.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR DANCE

The 1947-48 Freshman - Senior dance was a big success. It was one of the best dances I have ever been to. This senior class showed the new freshmen that we're glad they are part of J. H. S. Let's keep the dances this way.

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

Robert Hay, President.

"Jock" is the last in a long line of swell fellows who went by this nick-name. He is a popular, blue-eyed boy, who is active in school affairs. His favorite sport is football, and he is an active member of the squad.

Frank Lee, Vice-President.

Frankie, one of the most mischievous boys in our class, is a member of the football squad. His friendly and generous ways have made him one of our most popular boys.

Dorothy Alvino, Secretary-Treasurer.

Dorothy is a quiet girl, whose understanding and ambition have won her two years in this office.

Ruth Sanford, '50

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Fred Soucy, President.

Fred Soucy, tall, light and handsome, is president again. He likes most sports, but football and hunting top the list. Fred plays center on Johnson's football team.

Marjorie Schofield, Vice-President.

Marge has also been Vice-President for three years. This tall, blonde and green-eyed girl likes all music, especially the classics. She is a sports fiend; that is, she enjoys all sports, although basketball rates a bit higher than the rest.

Jack Kasheta, Secretary-Treasurer.

This is Jack's first year as a class officer. Jack has blond hair, green eyes and is quite tall. He likes most sports, though basketball is his favorite. He was on Johnson's baseball team, and a star forward on the basketball team. Jack is an accomplished player of the clarinet and saxophone. He is an excellent dancer.

K. O'Keefe, '49.

CLUBS

Art Club

Wasting no time, and under the very able leadership of President Charlotte Hutton, the Art Club has already made worthwhile plans to illustrate books of fairy tales to be sent, by the Red Cross, abroad, where they will be, unquestionably, more than welcome. In future meetings some charcoal sketching will also be done, with one of the members acting as model.

Chefs' Club

It's a little early to make many predictions, but it would seem that under Miss Neal's supervision, with help from chief chef Andrew Alvino, and his assistants, that this club will be as enjoyable as all the members anticipated. The first menu consisted of American chop suey, tea and butterscotch pudding.

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club has already made plans to put on a play, which will be for the Christmas season, and tryouts for the parts will be held during the meeting of November 17th. Before the year has ended we would also like to study the art of applying makeup correctly and effectively; the selection and arrangement of scenery, and all the other details that go into a good production. With Miss Donlan's excellent guidance and

under the leadership of Joan Connors, the club should be a great success.

Hobby Club

Again this year Buddy Cyr has been chosen president of the Hobby Club, so with a veteran at the helm the club should go along pretty smoothly. At the first meeting it was decided that each hobby would be represented at some time during the year by one of its enthusiasts in a talk and perhaps exhibition of his collection. Dues will be used for prizes for a grand finale exhibition at the end of the year. This club should prove interesting not only to its members but also to the faculty adviser, Miss Clara Chapman.

Boosters' Club

The chief aim of the Boosters' Club is to find out all there is to know in the sports field. During future meetings discussions will be held on the main sports such as football, basketball, and baseball, and a study of offenses and defenses will be made. Also the problem of watching a game and getting the most out of it will be analyzed. Mr. Lee is the club's adviser and Gus Weigel was elected chairman with Joe Winning as his assistant.

June Schmottlach, '48.

Model Builders' Club

Once again the Model Builders' Club has attracted many members who are anxious to exhibit their talents as constructors. Alva Eldridge was elected president and George Dolan vice-president, with Alan Rodgers acting as business manager. Various models of racing cars, airplanes, automobiles, and boats, will be made during the year, and already a speaker, Mr. Robert Lambert, from the local Model Shop, Modelers' Haven, has talked to the boys of the various types of models to be built.

Alva Eldridge, '48.

International Relations Club

Under the direction of Miss Cook, with the help of Louise Consoli, president, the members of this club will discuss the Palestine Problem at their next meeting. In the future, two roving reporters will tell of the most important happenings of the week. A main topic will be studied and then discussed at the meeting also.

Sub-Deb Clubs

Manners, clothes and personality are among the many subjects which will be discussed in these clubs during the coming year. Through these clubs, the members hope to acquire the traits which will make them more attractive persons.

Debating Club

At the first meeting of the Debating Club, Miss Callanan instructed the members on the introduction and various parts of the debate. Already plans are being made to have a formal debate in the future. "Sex Segregation in Schools," is the topic for an informal debate at their second meeting.

Jean Mahoney, '48.

ALUMNI

After working and playing with the Class of '47, we on the **Journal** staff felt that most of you would like to keep in touch with these old friends and former classmates. So, with Miss Gillen's help, we have compiled the following list of last year's graduates along with their present occupations.

College

Kenneth Chadwick, Wentworth Institute.

Harold Dushame, Union.

Natalie Giglio, Framingham.

James Greenler, Boston College.

Donald James, Northeastern.

Vincent Lambert, Union.

Robert Nicetta, Merrimack.

Janet Smith, Union.

Marie Torpey, Mary Washington.

Special Schools

Barbara Campbell, Fisher Business.

Mary Frechette, Lawrence Academy of Beauty Culture.

Walter Kohl, McIntosh Business.

Edward Pevine, Burdett.

George Stewart, Essex Agricultural.

Nursing

Denise Blanchette, Lawrence General.

Marie Consoli, Lawrence General.

Joyce Gilman, Massachusetts General.

Frances Narushof, Lawrence General.

Prep School

Robert Mitchell, Tilton Academy.

Herbert Wild, Bridgton Academy.

P. G.'s At Johnson

Harold Allison.

John Perley.

P. G. At Punchard

Harold Vincent.

Working

Arlene Bashaw, Rosalie Camasso, Mary Curley, Agnes Doherty, Ann Doran, Rita Farrell, Ruth Fickenworth, Barbara Gallant, Gloria Houde, Marilyn Kent (married), Louise Lamprey, Dolores Legare, Joan Littlefield, Patricia Moriarty, Joyce Robinson, Barbara Stewart, Alice Tardiff, Margaret Tullis, Robert Blanchette, William Carter, Francis Connors, Donald Dearden, Warren Finn, Leonard Foulds, John Gile, Robert Gordon, Robert Jordan, Stephen Lovejoy, Carl Nelson, David O'Melia, Richard Shellnut, Robert Wilson.

At Home

Mary Wentworth.

Moved

Irene Nocera, Carmen Petteruto.

EXCHANGES

It is again time to say hello to our friends, the school publications from other towns, cities and even states.

A fitting greeting from "The Lawrencian":

"Back Again"

"Seems to me that Labor Day,
Came mighty quick this year,
For many reasons, especially one,
I hope I made it clear.

Of course I like dear Lawrence
High (?) (Johnson High!),
And football sure is grand,
Our eleven is the best
To be found in all the land.

But oh how hard to buckle down,
To studies — Not much fun,
When all the world calls 'Come
and play'
And there's homework to be done.

But when our high school days
are through,
Oh my, alas, alack;
I know quite well that everyone
Will wish that they were back."

Greetings to our old friend, the
"Brown and Gold" of Haverhill.
We like your "Fashion Flips" col-
umn.

Some good jokes in "The Re-
flector," Saginaw, Michigan. Ex-
amples:

"Eat your spinach child. Don't
you know that it puts firm, white
teeth in your mouth?"

"Then feed it to grandpa."

Teacher: "Johnny, what does the
buffalo on a nickel stand for?"

Johnny: "Because there isn't
room for him to sit down."

The "Headlight" of Marblehead
has a very good column entitled,
"Birthday Babbles." The day of
the month and a description of the
student is given and you do the
guessing.

A moral from the "Lookout" of
Wakefield:

"Hit the books before you hit the
hay,

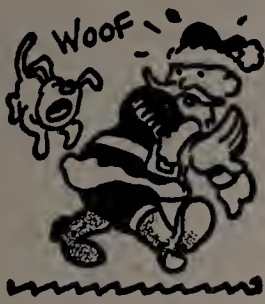
And you will dig the teachers'
jive next day."

We have received weekly papers
from the "Boston University
News." They are up to date with
all the latest happenings, of school
and regional news.

The "Profiles" section from
Methuen High's "Blue and White"
is very interesting. A good way to
get acquainted with the student
body.

Mary Clare Hickey, '48.

*Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year*



JOKES

Father: "Why did you have to stay after school?"

Dick: "I didn't know where the Philippines were."

Father: "Well, in the future, remember where you put things."

Nan: "I had the radio on last night."

Louise: "Is that so? How'd it fit?"

"I hope that I will never see
Money growing on a tree
For what a sure way that would
be
To make a monkey out of me."

Paul: "Say, I've been kidnapped!"

June: "How do you know?"

Paul: "I just looked in my bed and I'm not there."

Have you heard the story about the worm who went to the picnic in the cornfield? . . . In one ear and out the other!

Miss V. Chapman wanted to arouse interest in her class and asked them to write down their favorite hymn. Everyone handed in a slip of paper but Mary.

"Come, Mary," she urged, "write down the name of your favorite hymn."

Mary wrote and with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks handed Miss C. a piece of paper on which was written "Johnny Jones."

Bernie: "Here's the place Mother said to stay away from."

Joan: "Yah, I thought we'd never find it!"

Marie: "Did all the animals in the Ark come in pairs?"

Barbie: "All except the worms. They came in apples."

Gloria: "Don't you think I have dancing eyes?"

Jack: "Yep! They're both over your nose sitting this one out!"

Improving on the Dictionary:

Radio commercial: The pause that depresses.

Laryngitis: The worse thing that can happen to a woman.

Gold-digger: A human gimme pig.

Gossiper: A prattlesnake.

Secret: Something a woman tells everyone not to tell.

Soup: What people eat at the top of their voices.

The ancient car drove up to the toll bridge.

"Fifty cents!" shouted the gate-man.

"Sold!" replied the driver.

A lady had just purchased a stamp. "Must I stick it on myself?" she queried anxiously.

"Positively not!" soothed the clerk. "It will accomplish much more if you stick it on the envelope."

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